Mar. My thinks ſweet Madame-Is the winde W eſterly that blowes?

Leon. South. weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mer. My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt. endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neu er was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skipe from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any: liuing ceature beleeue mee now, I never kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pira

Pirat 1. Hold vilaine.

Pirat 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part

ſodainely.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeues ſerue

they haue ſeiſed *Marina*, let her goe

turne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead and thre

further, perhaps they will not pleaſe t

carry her aboard, if ſhee remaine,

Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt be flai

Enter the three Ba

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrow

lants, wee loſt too much money this

leſſe.

Band. We were neuer ſo much out

poore three, and they can doe no more

with continuall action are as good as

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh

them, if there be not a conſcience to

ſhall neuer proſper.

Band. Thou ſaieſt true, tis not o

ſtards, as I thinke I haue brought for

Boult. I to eleuen and brought ther

But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Band. What elſe man? the ſtuffe w

blow it to pieces, they are ſo pittifull

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, ther's two

the poore *Thraſiluanian* is dead that

Boult. I ſhee quickly poupt him,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)